

Miss Leonard's Heathen

By KATE CLEEVE

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May Leonard's brother Robert met her at Manila when the long ocean voyage was ended and took her at once to a hotel.

"After you've had one good night's rest ashore you will feel more like tackling this cross-country ride to Pambuan," said Robert as they ate their dinner.

"It sounds fascinating," said May, her bright eyes drinking in the strange sights about her. "Is the country unprotected? Is there any danger now?"

"Not a particle," assured her brother. "The route we are going is a main road, well traveled, and picketed along its length. It will only take us five hours to ride down to my place, but I knew you would be too weary to start this afternoon. Now, tell me all about the folks at home."

May proceeded to do so at such length that it was very late when they separated for the night and it seemed that her head had scarcely touched its pillow before Robert was calling her to get up and start on their ride before the heat of the day.

Robert Leonard looked at his sister's shining gray eyes and the wisp of brown hair blowing against her pink cheeks and he felt a thrill of pride in her. Wait until his partner, Arthur Scoville, saw her!

By the time Robert had his sister married to Arthur Scoville, May had marveled at his long and gloomy silence.

"What's the matter, Bobby?" she asked cheerily.

He brightened up at once, chiding himself for spoiling a glorious ride by unwarranted fears. "How is the parson getting along?" he asked.

May Leonard blushed under his scrutiny. The "parson" was the pastor of the church in which May was



"Are You a Christian?"

an earnest worker and the young divine had devoted himself ardently to winning the heart of his fair parishioner, so that everybody expected wedding bells to chime when May returned from this year's visit to her brother.

"How's the parson?" he repeated teasingly, instantly forgetting all about Arthur Scoville.

"Very well," said May seriously. "Oh, Robert, he came to see me the night before I sailed and he impressed it upon me that in coming out here to this unlighted country I was given an unusual opportunity to do God's work. He said he could see God's hand in it."

"How?" asked Robert shortly.

"Oh—he said I must lose no opportunity to forward the great cause of Christianity—and I believe I promised him—but I am afraid!"

"Promised him—not to marry him?" roared Robert.

"Dear me, no!" cried May. "I had to tell him that long ago. We are simply friends—and he is my pastor, you know."

Robert nodded grimly. "What did he ask you to promise?"

"That I would lose no opportunity to push forward the good work. That I would address every man, woman and child that came my way and ask them—if they were Christians and all that—but somehow I don't think he really knew just how embarrassing it might be for some of the natives here to look so intelligent, and it's awfully hard to tell them apart from the foreigners."

"There are missions here," observed Robert.

"I know it. Mr. Nash said I could have such fine opportunities going

down into a new country, away from the missions. He said I could be a sort of a scout, and when I had found a sufficient number of heathens here I could notify the mission and they would send some workers down."

"He must have thought you were coming out to work instead of play," growled Robert.

"I suppose he thought I wanted to help all I could—he is very good, Robert, but I'm afraid I must be very wicked, for I don't really want to address strangers on such a personal topic."

"In the distance Robert Leonard saw his houses against the dark background of the forest, from which his laborers were bringing out a fortune in dyewoods. Close at hand was a patch of sugar cane growing along side the road and standing among the green canes was a man with a curved knife in his hand, cutting down succulent stalks.

May pulled her horse to a standstill and looked back at her brother, who was lagging behind. "Bobby, I believe I'll begin with him!" she said, pointing toward the man, who, apparently unconscious of their approach, was swinging away at the sugar cane, whistling as he worked.

"Fire ahead," said Bobby, stifling a laugh. "I'll wait in the shade of this tree. But why not confine yourself to converting the women and children and let the men alone?"

She rode close beside him and explained. "I told Mr. Nash how repugnant it would be for me and he said that was all the more reason I should do it; I must sacrifice my feelings to the principle of the thing."

"Well, go on," said Bobby resignedly, although a wicked light shone in his eyes. He did not like Mr. Nash and he did love his pretty sister.

The man in the cane field did not look up until May's white linen gown flashed in the sunlight. Then he gazed at her, startled, and whipped off his hat; surprise seemed to seal his lips, for she was a bonny sight.

May leaped from the saddle and took courage. "My good man," she began softly, "are you a Christian?"

A startled look leaped to the man's eyes and then he said ever so gently and courteously, "I hope so, madam."

"I am so glad," cried May with relief. "I hope you will pardon my asking you—only I promised my pastor out here that I would do all I could to convert the—the—er—"

she paused in confusion.

"Heathen?" he smiled up at her. "Well, if one is going to sift the wheat from the chaff it must all be winnowed. Pray don't distress your self, madam, I have often been addressed by missionaries."

"That's such a relief," sighed May. "Good-by."

"Good-by," he said, and when she turned her horse once more into the road he bent over his work and relieved her of any embarrassment she might have felt afterward.

"It wasn't so awfully hard, Bobby," she assured her brother as they rode on. "If all of them were as courteous as that man—Why, dear, is this your place?" as he got down and opened a wide gate.

"This is Woodland—welcome to my home, honey," smiled Robert as they entered up to the wide veranda of the bungalow.

"Where is Mr. Scoville, your partner?" went on May, as she stood in the sunlight.

"Here he comes now," said Robert in a stifled tone.

"Where?"

"Through the same gate that we entered—he's been taking his morning exercise in the meadow." Then Bobby Leonard did not dare look at his sister.

"You knew who he was all the time, Bob Leonard?" she demanded with rose-red cheeks and flashing eyes.

"Yes, dear—you had to have your lesson, May, and it better be with a gentleman like Scoville than some impudent stranger who can talk back at you in some language you do not understand," apologized and explained Robert.

Arthur Scoville came up to the veranda and was presented to May Leonard. Not once by look or sign did he give evidence that he had seen her before, and his tact in passing over this embarrassing period was the beginning of May Leonard's faith in love with him.

They did fall in love with each other, those two, and it was only their promise to stand by Robert and the dye-wood industry until its successful termination that prevented that clever young American from weeping audibly.

Initials of Alexander Pope.

Enemy Declared by Adding E to Them You Had His Character—Change in Writer's Name.

Alexander Pope was a victim of his initials. After the publication of the "Dunciad," one of the poet's enemies, who had suffered a severe trouncing at the satire declared that if you added the initials of Pope's name to the initial letters of his surname, you had his character.

"Just" caught on, and in 1728 he published a pamphlet entitled "Pope's Supremacy and Initials Examined." The frontispiece to the forgotten pasquinade represented Pope in the form of an ass, his head resting on his hind legs, now placed upon a pile of books.

A writer is better known than Robert Louis Stevenson. "R. L. S." was arrived at a simple experiment. Stevenson's real names were Robert

ert Lewis Balfour, and the third name caused the difficulty.

Until he was about fifteen he signed himself "R. Stevenson." After that he occasionally used Stevenson, "R. L. S." In 1808 he asked his mother to address him as "Robert Lewis," but a year or two later, as he expressed it in a letter to Mr. Baxter, "after several years of feeble and ineffectual endeavor with regard to my third initial (a thing I loathe)" he finally abandoned it altogether.

Stevenson when about eighteen changed the spelling of his second name from "Lewis" to "Louis," but Lewis he remained at all times in the mouth of his family and friends.

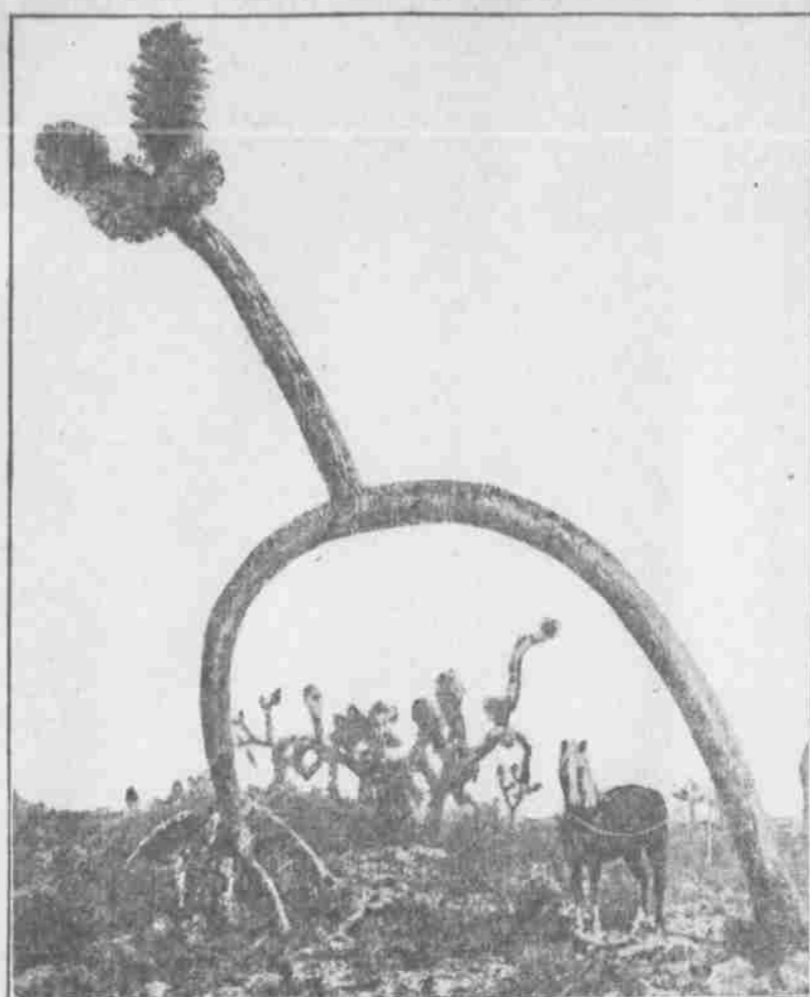
Shrewd Boy.

"Want a situation as errand boy, do you? Well, can you tell me how far the moon is from the earth, eh?"

"Boy—well, guv'nor, I don't know—I reckon it ain't close enough to interfere with me running errands." He got the job.—Christian Register.

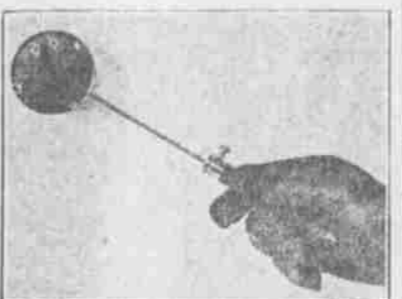
OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Strange Cactus in Arizona



Those who are familiar only with the small cacti of the ordinary garden must find it difficult to realize the great size attained by the cacti in the southwest, notably in Arizona. For that reason this photograph should be interesting as showing a giant of the species compared with a horse. It should be remarked further that the form taken by the plant—that of a spur—is decidedly curious. This was brought about by strong winds, which gradually bent the cactus over until its top touched the earth, when a second root formed. The type illustrated grows with remarkable rapidity.

FORTUNE IN A SMALL DISC



In the radium institutes like the one recently opened in London there is nothing more wonderful to the visitor than the little square or circular trays of metal containing specks of radium in shellac varnish whose rays hold such vast possibilities in the future of mankind's struggle against disease. The disc illustrated contains 70 milligrammes of radium, worth £1,350. The trays when applied to the patient are covered with metal caps or screens which lessen or intensify the power of the rays according to the nature of the disease. In the basement of the London institution is a strong room holding the largest stock of radium in the world. The store-rooms, where these tiny black specks of radium are weighed in a broad, lofty, white-tiled room absolutely vibration-proof.

WHERE EGGS ARE BLACK

Every one has heard of the black brood of the Spartans over which the fastidious Diogenes made a very face, and was not convinced when told that it was enjoyable with Spartan sauce, the ingredients of which, in the Syracusean's opinion, could little alter the taste. The housewife would, however, probably be shocked to find the eggs left by the milkman jet black. The black Cayuga duck, a South American bird, frequently lays black eggs. The black coloring does not penetrate the shell, being due to an oily pigment which can be rubbed off. In successive layings the coloring fades and disappears.

SOUTHERN POINT OF NATION

The most southern point of mainland territory in the United States is on a sharp bend of the Rio Grande river about 20 miles southwest of Brownsville. The government official survey shows that its latitude is 25 degrees and 9 minutes, which places it below the most southern part of the peninsula of Florida, but not as far south as Key West. The spot is marked by a group of picturesque Mexican ranch buildings with their

THATCHED ROOFS

Growing upon the land are groves of wild palm trees which lend to the beauty of the tropical scene. The distance between Brownsville and the mouth of the Rio Grande in a direct line is approximately 22 miles, but the river has so many curves that its course between the two points covers 110 miles, according to the survey of the international boundary commission, which is composed of the representatives of the United States and Mexican governments. Before the river empties into the gulf it makes a sharp bend to the south, and this rounded peninsula forms the most southern mainland of the country. Most of the territory between Brownsville and the Rio Grande's mouth is covered by a dense wilderness of chaparral. The soil is of primitive richness, caused by the periodical deposits of silt from the stream's overflow. Owing to the inaccessibility of the little Mexican ranch, which holds the distinction of marking the most southern spot, the place has been visited by very few Americans.

MULE AND BEAR FIGHT DUEL

The story of a duel to the death between a mule and a bear comes from Chambersburg, Pa. The mule came out victorious. Aroused by a commotion in his barn, Dan Shawley, lumberman and farmer, found the

Triumphal Arch in Bangkok



As the accompanying picture shows, the Siamese have a very picturesque notion of street decoration for processions and other ceremonial occasions. This triumphal arch in Bangkok has a baroque splendor much more striking than the arches that are erected in Occidental lands.

FEATS OF A GIRL PRODIGY

A wonderful girl is Winifred S. Stoner, daughter of a Savannah surgeon, who, the American Magazine states, was taught to operate a typewriter when three years of age and at eight was writing poetry. Mrs. Stoner began to train her for linguistic ability, with the result that today, though not yet nine years old, Winifred can carry on a conversation in English, French, Spanish, Latin and Esperanto. She was far advanced in Esperanto at four. She has already written a play in it, and many poems, and at the International Esperanto congress last year her proficiency as an Esperantist occasioned widespread comment.

LOST RING FOUND IN EEL

Mrs. William McCourt, wife of the owner of Camp Wagon at South Beach, S. L., lost her diamond engagement ring one day while swimming near the camp. After the beach had been searched she gave up all hope

of finding the trinket. With a number of campers, John Clark of Tompkinsville, S. L., went on a fishing trip a day or two after and at noon returned to camp with a dozen eels. As Clark slit one of the eels for cooking, his knife caught a hard substance. Then he peeled back the eel's skin and drew out Mrs. McCourt's diamond ring. It was returned to her.

MAN FINDS HIS OWN "GRAVE"

That his body had been interred and a suitable headstone erected by the family was the surprising news which greeted Van Hoopes, aged 60 years, when he returned to his home in Emigsville, Pa., the other day, after having been in a hospital in Savannah, Ga. He suddenly left his home about two months ago. Nothing was heard from him, and when a man of similar age was killed by a train near New Cumberland recently the body was identified as his by a minister who knew him. There was much rejoicing at the reunion of the "dead" man and his family.

KICK THAT SAVED A LIFE

While running his train out of Dent, Minn., the other day, W. A. Beardsley, engineer on a freight train, saw what seemed to be a blue parcel lying between the rails about twenty car lengths ahead. But it turned out to be a child, who arose and sat down on one of the rails. The emergency brake was applied, but it was impossible to stop in time. Beardsley ran out on the pilot, intending to pick the child up. He reached the pilot too late, but had time to extend his foot and kick the child off the rail and down the embankment. The train was stopped, the child picked up and brought back to Dent. A doctor was summoned and it was found that the child was unhurt except that it had a bruise where the engineer's shoe had struck it.

NOVEL WEDDING CEREMONY

To the long list of weddings in automobile, on horseback, in balloons and in other surroundings selected because of love of notoriety, has been added the marriage ceremony by telephone. Out in Iowa a minister yielded to the novel request to declare a man and a woman husband and wife "by wire." The three were separated by a very few miles. There is nothing in the accounts of the affair to show that they might not have met and gone through the ceremony in something like the usual manner. But they earned notoriety.

FIRST AERIAL POSTCARDS

Though the carrying of mails by aeroplane has been tried in America, France and Germany, England was the first to establish a regular aerial postal service, that between Hendon and Windsor. For this service the British postoffice issued the very attractive postcards here illustrated, and they proved decidedly popular both with the English and with visitors from other lands who wished to send a novel communication to friends at home. The profits of the cards are devoted to charity.



WHEN JOHNNY CAN'T HEAR

Boy at Play is Always Deaf When His Mother is Calling Him.

"Johnny!" That was his mother calling from a window and Johnny playing in the street, but Johnny didn't hear her. And then:

"Johnny! Come here." But Johnny is at this moment reaching up to catch a high ball and his ears are closed to all calls; whereupon:

"Johnny, do you hear me?" But Johnny doesn't. He has caught that ball and now he is feinting it to another boy standing by a tree. So now:

"Johnny!" This time with a little staccato in it, and perhaps a faint suggestion of a slipper.

And does that open Johnny's ears? Why, he's at the bat now and prepared to hit the ball a swat that will send it half way down the block, and all things else are as naught to him. But now hear the vigilant mother, this time gently, for she knows that boys will be boys:

"Johnny, I want you to come in now."

Johnny is at this moment running like a wild man, or boy, making for that tree he was throwing at a moment ago and utterly oblivious of everything in the world, the parental voice included. But that cleaves the air again now:

"Johnny!"

Johnny is standing with one foot at the root of the tree and the other foot extended, all ready to jump and run when the boy at the bat hits the ball.

"Johnny!"

And Johnny runs like all possessed, not for home, but for the base, and there he stands, while from the window comes again the voice:

"Johnny."

This Time for a Friend.

"This is a wise man," said Robert Edson, "who knows when to ask questions. The other night I was standing inside the railroad station when an Irish cab driver came up to me and asked me how soon the next train came in. I told him and he said thank you and went away. In about five minutes he came back with the same question. 'I told you not more than five minutes ago,' I said. 'I know it,' he answered cheerfully, 'but it's not a friend of mine outside that has to me that wants to know this time. It's watch his horses and can't come in an ask yez himself!'" —Young's Magazine.

A Broken Bone.

Your first duty, after notifying a surgeon, is to provide support for the injured member in the form of an improvised splint. Flat pieces of board, as broad, if possible, as the limb and slightly longer than the broken bone, canes, umbrellas, in fact anything that will accomplish your end may be used. In adjusting these, pad with any soft material that is at hand; straw, leaves or cushions made of grass may be used. Avoid any pressure on the injured part, cover it with a cloth, and keep wet with clean, cold water.—Woman's Home Companion.

Daniel Fahrenheit.

In view of the abnormal weather which we have had this summer we think a tribute of respect should be paid to the memory of Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, who was born on September 16, either in 1736 or 1740. It is hard to say which. Before his day several attempts had been made to measure the heat level, not the heat, by tubes containing oil of spirits of wine, but it lay with a bankrupt merchant of Dantzic to show how the feat could be successfully accomplished.

The first thermometers were made with spirits of wine; but the ingenious Gabriel soon adopted mercury as his medium, and so it has remained because known throughout the world, and though a more rational method of graduation has since been adopted, the popular mind still clings to the Fahrenheit scale. Our own Royal Society thought highly of this humble inventor and acknowledged his genius by making him one of its fellows. To the "Transactions" of the society he contributed several papers.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Writers' Real Names.

Authors who manipulate their names to suit their fancies are not a small band. There's Thomas Henry Hall Caine. There was Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti and Charles John Huffam Dickens. Only one book of reference, says the London Chronicle, gives the full name of Oscar Pincall O'Flaherty Willie Wilde, some of whose poems first appeared by the initials O. P. O'F. W. W. Lewis Melville is really Louis Benjamin, and very few people are aware that the bearer of the distinguished name Sir Sidney Lee was originally Solomon Lazarus Levi.

Grapefruit Greenery.

Effective greenery for the dining room table may be made by planting the seeds of grapefruit. Sow them thickly, and in two weeks, if the earth is good and has been kept moist in a warm place, the little shoots appear. Two weeks more and the leaves unfold, and very soon there is a mass of rich, glossy green, which is not affected by gas or furnace heat.—Suburban Life.

And So On.

"What is this domestic science?" inquired the engaged girl.

"It consists of making hash out of the left-over meat, and croquettes out of the left-over hash," explained her more experienced friend.

The shortest words sometimes carry the most weight.

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Columbia City, Ind., Nov. 23, 1914.

Six years ago I got a sore on my face. Two years ago my family doctor cut it out. It soon returned. Last fall the specialist of the Cancer Hospital applied one of his medicines and in just 24 minutes he lifted out the cancer without pain. I hope this will bring other sufferers to this wonderful cure. JOHN E. BLOOM, R. F. D. No. 1.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of November, 1914. ROBERT M. McNAUGHY, Notary Public. My commission expires November 17, 1914.

R. R. No. 3, Columbia City, Ind., April 12, 1911.

Fifteen years ago my wife had cancer of the breast, and twice she underwent the horrors of the knife—and then died. The past winter your treatment was used on a breast cancer on a member of my family with great success. The patient is now entirely well. Your treatment is certainly a medical wonder.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, Mayor of Columbia City, this 11th day of April, 1911. E. J. BLOOM.

R. R. No. 4, South Whittier, Ind., Feb. 1, 1911.

Eight years ago I noticed a small sore close to my right eye. It kept spreading and raising me. I went to the Cancer Hospital and the doctor removed it in 20 minutes—no pain, no knife, and no blood.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 1st day of February, 1911. ROBERT M. McNAUGHY, Notary Public. My commission expires November 17, 1914.

February 19th, 1911. We are personally acquainted with the above citizens of Whittier Co., and know them to be honest and reliable. E. J. BLOOM, Mayor of Columbia City, Indiana.

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KINDLY SEND THIS TO SOME ONE WITH CANCER